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buy a quart of maple syrup from a grandmother and her grandson from Nicholson. They were very nice people: the essence of authenticity and very, very nice. The boy, himself, made the syrup. The grandmother beamed with pride as she reported that her son had gathered and made the syrup. I bought a small tray of what I thought might have been silver (it was hideously tarnished) but it turned out to be tin. Usually I can instantly tell, but in this case I wasn't sure and it was worth spending fifty cents to find out. When we arrived back at the Homestead a capon was filling the house with a wondrous smell: we dined regally and royally and well. After luncheon, WBW and DWP and I got ourselves collected and went into town to Maplewood to plant marigolds. Suchnick was on the porch and we had to sit in the car because of the heavy rain and so Suchnick invited us over and we sat on his porch and he held forth with his endless, uninterrupted, banter/chatter; he never lets anyone get a word in edgewise. He is such a know-it-all. He has been taking care of Maplewood for a number of years now: Pat Carter sends him six hundred dollars twice a year and he gets the grass cut. He employs neighborhood kids, and gets the job done. The grass had been cut a few weeks ago and it is now in need of cutting again. We planted marigolds in many places: wherever and whenever we felt like it, but we made sure that all of the appropriate graves had at least one marigold on them. We planted half of the "flat" at Maplewood and then went to Clinton Center and did the same: planted marigolds everywhere. I exposed the John Griswold/Elizabeth Crittenden stone and if the Christiana Bruce restoration works well, we will have the John Griswold/Elizabeth Crittenden stone repaired. We drove through Clinton Township, giving WBW a guided tour, and then into Pleasant Mount and down through Uniondale and on down. Before we went to Clinton Center we went to South Canaan and visited Kurt and I returned the books that I borrowed from Mrs. Reed on Friday. Kurt gave WBW the tour of his store and we had a nice visit. I bought the amusement park napkin ring from Kurt and DWP bought some glass negatives. I thought WBW was going to buy some glass/crystal, but he didn't. After we got home, I went down to Brookvalley and Ann and Laurie and RTP and I put together the Carbondale flag. Laurie supplied the metal rings and put them in; RTP supplied the flag pole and I largely watched Ann at the sewing machine. WBW was there and he helped with the lining up of the letters and numbers. It was a group project and we worked on it well into the night. It was late, after 11 P.M., when WBW and I arrived back at the Homestead. WBW was very tired and so was I. Ann had done a beautiful job with the flag and I will find the best moment to make the presentation of the flag. I think I will show it to my colleagues on the CRCCH this Thursday, possibly not. On Monday afternoon, just before leaving for New York, DWP and I rushed down to Brookvalley and had a photographing session with the flag: Laurie, Ann and I with the flag; the flag tacked up against the side of the feed coop. DWP reported today that the photographs appear to have turned out beautifully: he developed the negatives last night. On Sunday night, WSP inquired if we had been to Valley View and Shady Lane Cemeteries with marigolds. Alas, we had not yet gotten that far and we had run out of marigolds, all of which made it imperative that on Monday morning we make a trip to both of those cemeteries. On Sunday morning I got up early and DWP was just getting up and off we went to buy flowers at Mermelstein's. WSP's friend was there and reported that WSP had already been there. We went to Valley View and there were flowers in a planter there from WSP. We planted our flowers and WSP's flowers in the earth and cleaned off the stones of Jimmy and Billy and Ora and Will. We went to Shady Lane and planted WSP's planter of flowers that was at Olivia's tombstone and washed off the stones and then

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went to the Homestead. WSP came out from the living room when we returned and so did WBW. Prior to our return, WBW and WSP had been discussing how cemeteries are not well taken care of these days and so on, and when we returned we reported that we had planted the flowers that were in the planters that WSP has put in Valley View and Shady Lane and WSP got upset and said that we shouldn't have done so, and asked who was going to take care of the planted plants. Last year WSP was pleased that I had planted the plants, and this year he got upset because I planted the plants. How can you win. Next year the flowers will be left exactly as they are when placed at the stones by WSP. DWP and I returned to the Homestead just in time to collect up WBW and go into town for the Memorial Day parade. We ran into Ann in front of Newberry's and it was sprinkling and we all stood under the awning and watched the parade pass by. I found it very touching, being inordinately fond of parades. Laura, playing the drum, and April, playing the clarinet, were in the High School band. It was very exciting. After the parade had passed by and went all the way down Main Street it circled back up Church Street and ended at Memorial Park, where the festivities continued. Speakers platform, dedication of 81 mm howitzers, etc. See program. June or Jane Hoiditch recognized DWP and I and was very friendly. Postmaster Barrett and Mayor Mancuso both spoke to me, as did Barbara Wroblewski. After the parade and Memorial Park ceremonies we returned to the Homestead where baked ham was waiting for us. Most distressingly, the printed copies of III, 4 did not arrive on Friday, May 28th, as they were supposed to, which meant that I could not mail them out on Saturday morning. After dinner on Monday, DWP said that he would stick around on Tuesday and mail out the copies. I was very pleased. I prepared all the envelopes and gave DWP detailed instructions on what was to be done and DWP mailed the printed copies of III, 4, which did arrive on Tuesday. The copies were mailed out on Wednesday. On Friday I received my copy in the mail, and so did Scully and so did Sullivan and so did Sheryl and so did Carol Russ. Excellent. They (the printed copies of III, 4) traveled with the speed of first class mail. WBW and I got the 6:50 P.M. Trailways bus from Scranton to NYC. WSP and DWP drove us down and that was very pleasant. All in all, the week was action packed, and very gratifying. The fact that WSP got upset about the cemetery plants got me upset--that was the only thing that colored negatively the entire weekend. WBW was out of sorts on the bus on the way back: he couldn't settle down, he read this and that and tried this and that to get himself focused and could not do so. He got upset about the smoking going on in the seat behind us and he and the young man in question had a pitched battle (verbally, of course) over the smoking that was going on in the non-smoking section behind us. I recognize that mood in WBW: he changes subjects every thirty seconds and can not keep his mind on anything. On the way back, I set to paper some notes that I have just used to verbalize this six-page account of the week end's activities. Had I not put to paper some notes on what happened in the period May 27-May 31 at that time, I could never have sorted out all the things that happened over the Memorial Day weekend.